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P O E M S

ON VARIOUS

S U B J E C T S.

P O E M S

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S U B J E C T S.

P O E M S

ON VARIOUS

S U B J E C T S.

V I Z.

THE NUNNERY,	}	{	THE NUN,
THE MAGDALENS,			FUGITIVE PIECES.

*La muse qui dicta les rimes,
Que je vais offrir a vos yeux,
N'est point de ces muses sublimes,
Qui pour amans veulent des Dieux.* GRESSET.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBSON, Bookfeller, at the Feathers,
in New Bond-Street.

MDCCLXVII.

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ON VARIOUS

SUBJECTS

VIZ.

THE NUNNERY, }
THE MAGDALENE, } FUGITIVE PIECES.

In words and deeds he lives,
That he can often be seen,
In point of his noble labours,
And how much more in his Deeds. GREGORY.



LONDON:

Printed by J. ROBSON, at the New Bond Street.

WILLIAM

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3519
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THE

N U N N E R Y:

An E L E G Y.

I.

Retirement's hour proclaims the tolling bell,
In due observance of it's stern decree ;
Each sacred virgin seeks her lonely cell,
And leaves the grate to solitude and me.

II.

Now throws the western sun a fainter glare,
And silence sooths the vestal world to rest,
Save where some pale-ey'd novice (wrap'd in pray'r)
Heaves a deep groan, and smites her guiltless breast.

B

III.

III.

Save that in artless melancholy strains,
 Some Eloisa whom soft passion moves,
 Absorpt in sorrow, to the night complains,
 For ever bar'd the Abelard she loves.

IV.

Within these ancient walls with moss o'erspread,
 Where the relenting sinner learns to weep,
 Each in her narrow bed 'till midnight laid,
 The gentle daughters of devotion sleep.

V.

Of wantonness the pleasure-breathing lay,
 Or laughter beck'ning from his rosy seat,
 Or vanity attir'd in colours gay,
 Shall ne'er allure them from their lonely state.

VI.

For them no more domestic joys return,
 Or tender father plies his wonted care,
 The nuptial torch for them must never burn,
 Or prattling infants charm the ling'ring year.

VII.

Oft do they weave the chaplets pictur'd gay,
 To deck their altars and the shrines around ;
 How fervent do they chant the pious lay ?
 How thro' the length'ning isle the notes resound ?

VIII.

Let not the gay coquette with jest profane,
 Mock their veil'd life and destiny severe ;
 Nor worldly beauty with a sneer disdain
 The humble duties of the cloister'd fair.

IX.

The glist'ning eye, the half-seen breast of snow,
 The coral lip, the bright vermilion bloom,
 Awaits alike th' inexorable foe ;
 The paths of pleasure lead but to the tomb.

X.

Nor you, ye vain, impute to these the fault,
 If flatt'ry to their fame no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the dome with grandeur's treasures fraught,
 The num'rous fopplings lift the voice of praise.

XI.

Can artful phrases or alluring words,
 Bid the pale cheek assume a second prime !
 Can ev'n Apollo's sweetly-sounding cords,
 Arrest the speedy steps of conq'ring time.

XII.

Perhaps in this drear mansion are confin'd,
 Some whose accomplish'd beauty can impart,
 Each soft emotion to the sternest mind,
 And wake to extacy the beating heart.

XIII.

But pleasure flies them a forbidden guest,
 Deck'd with the flow'rs in youth's gay path that bloom,
 The clay-cold hand of penance chills their breast,
 And o'er the rays of fancy throws a gloom.

XIV.

Full many a riv'let wand'ring to the main,
 Sequester'd pours it's solitary wave ;
 Full many a flower is rooted from the plain,
 To waste it's sweetness on the desert grave.

XV.

XV.

Some veil'd Eliza (like the clouded Sun)
 May here reside inglorious and unknown;
 Some like Augusta might have rear'd a son
 To bless a nation and adorn a throne.

XVI.

From flatt'ry's lip to drink the sweets of praise,
 In rival charms with other belles to vie;
 In circles to attract the partial gaze,
 And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye.

XVII.

Their lot forbids, nor does alone remove
 The thirst of praise, but e'en their crimes restrain;
 Forbids thro' folly's labyrinth to rove,
 And yield to vanity the slacken'd rein:

XVIII.

To raise 'mid Hymen's joys domestic strife,
 Or seek that converse which they ought to shun;
 To loose the sacred ties of nuptial life,
 And give to many what they vow'd to one.

XIX.

Far from the circle of the splendid throng,
 They tread obscurity's sequester'd vale ;
 Their lonely hours unvaried creep along,
 Unfan'd by pleasure's ever shifting gale.

XX.

What tho' they're sprinkled with ethereal dew !
 With blooming wreaths by hands of seraphs crown'd !
 Tho' heav'n's unfading splendors burst to view,
 And harps celestial to their ear resound.

XXI.

Still grateful mem'ry paints the distant friend,
 Not ev'n the world to their remembrance dies ;
 Their midnight orisons to heav'n ascend,
 To stay the bolt descending from the skies,

XXII.

For who entranc'd in visions from above,
 The thought of kindred razes from the mind ?
 Feels in the soul no warm returning love,
 For some endear'd companion left behind ?

XXIII.

Their joy encircled hearth as they forsook,
 From some fond breast reluctant they withdrew :
 As from the deck they sent a farewell look,
 Fair Albion sunk for ever to their view.

XXIV.

For thee who mindful of th' encloister'd train,
 Dost in these lines their mournful tale relate ;
 If by compassion guided to this fane,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

XXV.

‘ Haply some aged vestal may reply,
 ‘ Oft have we heard him ’ere Aurora’s ray
 ‘ Had painted bright the portal of the sky,
 ‘ At yonder altar join the matin lay.

XXVI.

‘ Where hapless Eloisa sought repose,
 ‘ Oft at yon grave wou’d he her fate condole,
 ‘ And in his breast as scenes of grief arose,
 ‘ Sigh the kind requiem to her gentle soul.

XXVII.

XXVII.

- ‘ One morn I miss’d him at the hour divine,
 ‘ Along that Isle and in the sacristy :
 ‘ Another came, nor yet beside the shrine,
 ‘ Nor at the font, nor in the porch was he.

XXVIII.

- ‘ The next we heard the bell of death intone,
 ‘ And in the fearful grave we saw him laid :
 ‘ Approach and read on this sepulchral stone,
 ‘ The lines engrav’d to sooth his hov’ring shade.

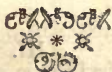
T H E
E P I T A P H.

XXIX.

BY Fate's stern hand untimely snatch'd away,
Does this deep vaulted cave a youth unfold :
He gave to solitude the studious day,
And pity fram'd his bosom of her mould.

XXX.

With lyre devoted to compassion's ear,
Did he bewail the vestal's hapless doom ;
Oft has this marble catch'd his falling tear,
And for that gen'rous tear he gain'd *a tomb*.





THE
MAGDALENS.

AN ELEGY.

I.

AT yonder hallow'd rail what scenes appear?
A num'rous train of suppliant nymphs I spy!
Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,
And sorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

II.

Hark! they awake a solemn plaintive lay,
Where grief with harmony delights to meet;
Not Philomela from her lonely spray,
Trills her clear note more querulously sweet.

III.

Are these the fair who wont with conscious grace,
Proud Ranelagh's resplendent round to tread?
Shine in the studied-luxury of dress!
And vie in beauty with the high-born maid!

IV.

The smiling scenes of pleasure they forsake,
 Obey no more amusement's idle call ;
 Nor mingling with the sons of mirth partake,
 The treat voluptuous, or the festive ball.

V.

For sober weeds they change their bright attire,
 Of the pearl bracelet strip the graceful arm ;
 Veil the white breast, that lately sigh'd desire,
 And to the wrapt eye heav'd, th' imprison'd charm.

VI.

Unbraid the cunning tresses of the hair,
 And each well-fancied ornament remove ;
 The glowing gem, the glitt'ring solitaire—
 The costly spoils of prostituted love !

VII.

Yet beauty lingers on their mournful brow,
 As loth to leave the cheek bedew'd with tears ;
 Which scarcely blushing with a languid glow,
 Like morn's faint beam thro' drizzling rain appears.

VIII.

No more compare them to the stately flow'r,
 Whose painted foliage wantons in the gale :
 They look the lily drooping from the show'r,
 Or the pale vi'let sick'ning in the vale.

IX.

Let not the prude with acrimonious taunt,
 Upbraid the humble tenants of this dome ;
 That pleasure's rosy bow'r they us'd to haunt,
 And in the walk of loose-rob'd dalliance roam.

X.

If fond of empire and of conquest vain,
 They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew ;
 Yet blaz'd those altars to the fair one's bane,
 The idol they, and they the victim too !

XI.

Some in this sacred mansion may reside,
 Whose parent's ashes drank their early tears ;
 And hapless orphans ! trod without a guide,
 The maze of life perplext with guileful snares.

XII.

XII.

Some that encircled by the great and rich,
 Were won by wiles, and deep-designing art ;
 By splendid bribes, and soft persuasive speech,
 Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

XIII.

Some on whom beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,
 Whilst adverse stars all other gifts remov'd ;
 Who fled from mis'ry and a dungeon's gloom,
 To scenes their inborn virtue disapprov'd.

XIV.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early stain,
 Now gilded by the rays of new-born fame ;
 A second innocence they here obtain,
 And cloister'd penance heals their wounded name.

XV.

So the young myrtles nipt by treach'rous cold,
 (While still the summer yields his golden store)
 In sheltering walls their tender leaves unfold,
 And breathe a sweeter fragrance than before.

XVI.

Tho' white-wing'd peace protect this calm abode,
 Tho' each illicit passion be suppress'd;
 Still recollection wears a sting to goad,
 Still fang'd remorse invades their anxious breast.

XVII.

The tort'ring hour of mem'ry this may prove,
 Who wrapt in pensive secrecy forlorn;
 Sits musing on the pledges of her love,
 Expos'd to chilly want, and grinning scorn:

XVIII.

Forgot, deserted in th' extremest need,
 By him who ought to shield their tender age;
 Was this seducer this the promis'd meed!
 She cries, then sinks beneath affliction's rage.

XIX.

Another mourns her fall with grief sincere,
 Whom tranquil reason tells she's shun'd, disdain'd;
 Repuls'd as vile by those who held her dear,
 Who call'd her once companion, sister, friend.

XX.

That recollects the day when lost to shame,
 She fondly sacrific'd her vestal charms :
 Resign'd the virgin's, for an harlot's name,
 And left a parent's for a spoiler's arms.

XXI.

Imagination pencils to her mind
 The father's rage, the mother's softer woe :
 Unhappy pair ! to that distress consign'd,
 A child can give, a parent only know.

XXII.

The tragic picture fixes sorrow's dart,
 While filial passions in her breast revive :
 She feels beak'd anguish preying at her heart,
 To nature's pangs too sensibly alive !

XXIII.

If this or similar tormenting thought,
 Cling to their soul, when pensively alone ;
 For youth's offence, for Love's alluring fault,
 Say, do they not sufficiently atone !

XXIV.

Oh mock not then their penitential woes,
 Thou who may'st deign to mark this humble theme ;
 Nor seek with foul derision to expose,
 And give to infamy their tainted name.

XXV.

Nor deem me one of melancholy's train,
 If anxious for the sorrow-wedded fair ;
 (Tho' little skilful of poetic strain,
 Whose pleasing music takes the tuneful ear.)

XXVI.

I steal impatient from the idle throng,
 The roving gay companions of my age ;
 To temper with their praise my artless song,
 And soft-ey'd pity in their cause engage.

XXVII.

'Tis virtue's task to soothe affliction's smart,
 To join in sadness with the fair distressed :
 Wake to another's pain the tender heart,
 And move to sympathy the feeling breast.

THE

NUN:

An ELEGY.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

I.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
 All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek;
 Each flatt'ring hope subdued, each wish resign'd,
 Does gay Ophelia this lone mansion seek!

II.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake,
 The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs?
 Thro' nature's kind endearing ties to break,
 And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

III.

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
 That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate;
 Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
 Like mine unblest, shou'd mourn like mine too late.

IV.

Does some Angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
 Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
 Approve the dictates of thy early choice!—
 Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

V.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base,
 (While tears of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,
 And smiling heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)
 Pronounce the vow thou never can'st repeal.

VI.

But if misled by false-entitled friends,
 Who say—'that peace with all her comely train;
 ' From starry regions to this clime descends,
 ' Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain:

VII.

' That vestals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,
 ' Approv'd of innocence, by health carest:
 ' That rob'd in colours bright by fancy drawn,
 ' Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast:

VIII.

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal;
 Full oft does pride with fainted voice beguile,
 And fordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

IX.

A tyrant Abbess here perchance may reign,
 Who fond of pow'r, affects the imperial nod;
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,
 And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

X.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
 Back-glancing mem'ry acts her busy part;
 Its charms the world, unfolds to fancy's eye,
 And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

XI.

Lo! discord enters at the sacred porch,
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest:
 Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

XII.

But since the legends of monastic bliss,
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd;
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh ! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

XIII.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend;
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush, ye parents) by a father's hand.

XIV.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice !
The pealing organ's animating sound ;
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around ;

XV.

The train of youth array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along :
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng.

XVI.

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,
 Whose fragrant breath Arabian odor shed;
 Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
 With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

XVII.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
 While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein;
 Methought applauding Angels sung my name,
 And heav'n's unfulfilled glories gilt the fane.

XVIII.

Methought in sun-beams robed the heav'nly spouse
 Indulg'd the longings of my holy love :
 Not undelighted heard my virgin vows—
 While o'er the altar wav'd the mystic dove.

XIX.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
 My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
 E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
 I tread this dome, to misery allied,

XX.

No wakening joy informs my fullen breast,
 Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles;
 No faint descends to soothe my soul to rest!
 No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

XXI.

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view,
 The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place;
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
 Chills ev'ry pray'r, and cancels ev'ry grace.

XXII.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
 The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood:
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
 The hollow gale, and hoarse-resounding flood.

XXIII.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
 When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

XXIV.

Full-well she then prefag'd my wretched fate,
 Th' unhappy moments of each future day :
 When lock'd within this unrelenting grate,
 My joy-deserted soul wou'd pine away.

XXV.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold,
 This cloister'd scene in all its horror drest ;
 Nor did she then my trembling steps with-hold,
 When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

XXVI.

Ah ! cou'd she view her only child betray'd,
 And let submission o'er her love prevail ?
 Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid,
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil ?

XXVII.

Alas ! she might not—her relentless lord
 Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tears ;
 So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
 And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

XXVIII.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name;
 What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed!
 What crime had forfeited my filial claim!
 And giv'n (Oh ! blasting thought) thy heart to bleed.

XXIX.

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
 Oh ! haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom :
 In vain—no words can soothe his rigid ear ;
 And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

XXX.

Ye cloister'd fair ! ye censure-breathing faints,
 Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare ;
 Tho' mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
 And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r.

XXXI.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess,
 To veil the blushes of a guilty shame ;
 The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
 And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow,
 From fatal symptoms if I right conceive ;
 This stream, Ophelia, has not long to flow,
 This voice to murmur and this breast to heave.

XXXIII.

Ah ! when extended on th' untimely bier,
 To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd ;
 Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
 And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

XXXIV.

With pious footstep join the sable train,
 As thro' the lengthening isle they take their way :
 A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
 Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay.

XXXV.

Behold the Minister who lately gave,
 The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue ;
 (More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
 And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

XXXVI.

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,

The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh:

Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,

The tears may trickle from a father's eye.

XXXVII.

Al! when extended on the winding bier,

To yonder vale this form shall be convey'd;

Thou'lt not refuse to find one grateful tear,

And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

XXXVIII.

With pious footsteps join the sable train,

As thro' the lightening air they take their way:

A glimmering taper leads thy hand in vain,

Thy soothing voice around the funeral lay.

XXXIX.

Al! the Minister who leads the solemn train,

The sacred veil, in God's of mortal life,

(More friendship's) bending o'er my grave, and say,

And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

A L I S I A.

A B A L L A D.

I.

TO yon dark grove Alisia flew,
Just at th' appointed hour;
To meet the youth whose bosom true,
Confess'd her beauty's pow'r.

II.

All that fair beauty cou'd bestow,
Or fairer virtue give,
Did on his face unrival'd glow,
And in his bosom live.

III.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,
Or virtue's fairer charm;
Cou'd in her father's soul the pow'r
Of Avarice disarm.

IV.

He bad the youth his mansion fly,

And scorn'd his ardent vow :

And when the tears flow'd from his eye,

He bad them faster flow.

V.

Alisia with a bleeding mind,

Beheld the injur'd youth :

And vow'd, in holy wedlock join'd,

To crown at length his truth.

VI.

As she forsook her native seat,

‘ Farewell ye fields so fair ;

‘ May blessings still my Father meet !

‘ She said—and dropt a tear.

VII.

Th’ oppression of a parent’s hand,

A parent dead to shame :

In her meek breast by virtue fan’d,

Ne’er quench’d the filial flame.

VIII.

Now safe she reach'd th' appointed ground,
 Tho' love was all her guide;
 But absent when the youth she found,
 She look'd around and sigh'd.

IX.

Each breeze that rustled o'er the tree,
 Sooth'd for a space her smart;
 She fondly cried—Oh that is he!
 While patted fast her heart.

X.

The pleasing images of hope,
 Night's terrors now deform:
 While on her mind drear sceneries ope,
 And raise the mental storm.

XI.

On some rude stone she bow'd her head,
 All helpless and forlorn;
 Now starting from her rugged bed,
 She wish'd the ling'ring morn.

XII.

With heavy heart I now unfold,
 What th' absent youth befell;
 Who fierce beset by ruffians bold,
 Oppress'd with numbers fell:

XIII.

At length the morn' disclos'd its ray,
 And calm'd Alisia's fear;
 She restless took her various way,
 (Distracted) here and there.

XIV.

Thus as she wander'd, wretched maid,
 To mis'ry doom'd! she found
 A naked corse along the shade,
 And gash'd with many a wound.

XV.

Struck to the soul at this dread scene,
 All motionless she stood!
 To view the raven bird obscene,
 Drink up the clotting blood.

XVI.

XVI.

What horrors did her breast invade,

When as she nearer drew ?

The features that the raven fed,

Her lover gave to view.

XVII.

With shrieks she rent th' affrighted air !

To tears had fond recourse ;

With frantic hand now tore her hair,

Now sunk upon the corse.

XVIII.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,

With madness' ray inflam'd :

Beheld some travellers advance,

To whom she thus exclaim'd.

XIX.

' Ye base inhuman train, away !

' What urg'd you to this deed ?

' You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,

' And bad me sorrow wed.

XX.

Hark, hark ! the raven flaps her wings—
 ‘ She drinks his blood again—
 ‘ Ah ! now she feeds on my heart-strings—
 ‘ Oh Jesu ! soothe my pain.

XXI.

This scene of woe what cou’d create,
 The travellers admir’d ;
 While shrinking at the blow of fate,
 She with a groan expir’d.

XXII.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,
 With madness, ray inflam’d ;
 Beheld some travellers advance,
 To whom she thus exclaim’d.

XXIII.

MA-
 ‘ You’ve ruin’d my gentle love to clay,
 And had me forlorn wed.

M A T I L D A.

A

B A L L A D.

I.

OUtrageous did the loud wind blow,
 Across the sounding main!
 The vessel tossing to and fro,
 Cou'd scarce the storm sustain.

II.

Matilda to her fearful breast,
 Held close her infant dear;
 His presence all her fears increas'd,
 And wak'd the tender tear.

III.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,
 The shatter'd vessel drew:
 The daring waves now cease to roar,
 Now shout th' exulting crew.

F

IV.

IV. T A M

Matilda with a mother's joy,
 Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r :
 How fervent she embrac'd her boy !
 How blest the saving hour.

V.

Oh much deceiv'd and hapless fair !
 Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
 Thou from that fatal moment ne'er,
 Did'st taste of pleasure more.

VI.

For stepping forth from off the deck,
 To reach the welcome ground ;
 The Babe unclasping from her neck,
 Plung'd in the gulph profound.

.VII.

Amazement-chain'd ! her haggard eye
 Gave not a tear to flow ;
 Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh,
 She stood a sculptur'd woe.

VIII.

To snatch the child from instant death,
 Some brav'd the threat'ning main;
 And to recal his fleeting breath,
 Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

IX.

But when the corse first met her view,
 Stretch'd on the pebbly strand;
 Awak'ning from her trance she flew,
 And pierc'd th' opposing band;

X.

With tresses discompos'd and rude,
 Fell prostrate on the ground;
 To th' infant's lips her lips she glew'd,
 And sorrow burst its bound.

XI.

Uprising now with frantic air,
 To the wide-circling crowd,
 Who, pity-struck, partook her care,
 She thus discours'd aloud.

XII.

- ‘ Heard ye the helpless infant weep !
- ‘ Saw ye the mother bold !
- ‘ How as she flung him in the deep,
- ‘ The billows o’er him roll’d.

XIII.

- ‘ May beak’d remorse her bosom tear,
- ‘ Despair her mind up-plough !
- ‘ Its angry arm let justice rear,
- ‘ To dash her impious brow.

XIV.

- ‘ But soft, awhile—see there he lies,
- ‘ Embalm’d in infant sleep :
- ‘ Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,
- ‘ What cause is here to weep !

XV.

- ‘ Yes, yes ! his little life is fled,
- ‘ His heaveless breast is cold ;
- ‘ What tears will not thy mother shed,
- ‘ When thy sad tale is told !

XVI.

XVI.

- Ah me ! that cheek of livid hue,
 ' If much I do not err !
 ' Those lips were late the roses blew, T
 ' All, all, my son declare.

XVII.

- Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,
 ' A voice confus'd and wild,
 ' Whispers to this distracted brain,
 ' Matilda flew her child.

XVIII.

- She added not—but sunk oppress'd—
 Death on her eyelids stole :
 While from her much afflicted breast,
 She sigh'd her troubled soul:

To

To crown the little emerald king :

To ~~old~~ ~~new~~ ~~and~~ ~~new~~ ~~and~~ ~~old~~

A POLLO bids the muses rove,
The lonely path the silent grove :
He bids the graces oft resort,
To festive scenes and splendid court,
Yet will he let the muse repair,
To where Charlotta guards her heir ;
Unblam'd the royal babe approach,
And strew fresh flow'rets o'er his couch,
As on his cheek buds nature's rose,
With virtue's bud his bosom glows ;
Whose foliage opening into day,
Shall each *parental* streak display :
And when the coming spring prevails
With sweets *maternal*, scent the gales.

OT
Your choicest wreath, ye fairies bring,
To crown the little embrio king :

Behold

Behold that hand with gewgaws play,
 Which shall Britannia's scepter sway:
 Attentive o'er the nurs'ry plain,
 Behold him range his mimic men:
 Unconscious of the future hour,
 When vested with imperial pow'r,
 He, Hero-like, shall lead his train,
 To combat on a real plain;
 While victory shall bless the war,
 And scatter laurels from her car:—

Illustrious babe, tho' deaf to praise,
 For thee I frame these humble lays:
 The day will come (but may kind fate
 Keep back that day 'till very late)
 When thou thy much-lov'd father's heir,
 Like him shal't grace the regal chair;
 Shalt hold, approv'd th' imperial helm,
 And bless, like him, a grateful realm.
 Oh! then shall praise ring out her peal,
 And flatt'ry her bright flow'rets deal:
 Ah, if thine eye in future time
 Shou'd chance to mark this artless rhyme,

When stretch'd beneath the fun'ral ground,
 This frame shall lay with oſter bound ;
 Thou'lt find one of the muſe's train,
 For thee awak'd his gentle ſtrain :
 What time unconſcious of the theme,
 That did unfold thy future fame ;
 Thou cou'd'ſt not with a ſmile reward
 The numbers of th' unvenal bard :
 While they who ſhall theſe lines peruſe,
 If lines like theſe ſurvive their muſe ;
 Shall own, when they look up to you,
 That he was bard and prophet too.

.VI

To the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

AUGUST 7th.

I.

REclin'd beneath thy shade, Blackheath!

From politicks and strife apart;

His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath,

And virtue smiling at his heart?

II.

Will Chesterfield the muse allow,

To break upon his still retreat?

To view if health still smoothes his brow,

And prints his grove with willing feet?

III.

Tho' gratitude is rarely found,

At court or spacious drawing-room;

Still shall she tread poetic ground,

And favors past shall ne'er intomb.

.III

G

IV.

IV.

'Twas this awak'd the present theme,
And bad it reach thy distant ear ;
Where if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at least is there.

V.

May pale disease fly far aloof,
O'er venal domes its flag display ;
And health beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray.

VI.

If this my fervent wish be crown'd,
I'll dress with flow'rs the godhead's shrine :—
Nor thou with wisdom's chaplet bound,
At any absent gift repine.

VII.

What tho' thou dost not grace a throne,
While subjects bend the supple knee ;
No other king the muses own,
And science lifts her eye to thee.

VIII.

Tho' deafness by a doom severe,
 Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill;
 Or Philomel's delightful air,
 Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

IX.

Ah, if anew thine ear was strung,
 Awake to ev'ry voice around?
 — Thy praises by the many sung,
 Wou'd stun thee with the choral sound! —

THE

N A I A D.

To Dr. AKENSIDE.

.XI.

O NCE did this cool and twilight grot,
 Which babbling streams surround,
 And all this still umbrageous spot,
 Re-echo to thy sound!

II.

'Thy tuneful muse' harmonious sound!
 My mind retains the day;
 When circling Naiads beat the ground,
 In honor of thy lay.

III.

How pleasure brighten'd ev'ry face!
 How murmur'd soft the stream;
 How flush'd each flow'r a new-born grace,
 As conscious of thy theme.

IV.

E'er since the mazy, tinkling rill,
Or Philomela's air;
Resounding clear at evening still,
Are all the notes we hear.

V.

Rejoin (nor let this pray'r be vain)
Rejoin our pebbled haunts:
Once more awake the unwilling strain,
That our fair troop enchants.

VI.

Thee now alas occasion dear,
Calls to this grotto's gloom:
From Naiads gush the heart-sprung tear,
And foils their wonted bloom.

VII.

For Aganippe, lovely maid,
To mirth become a foe;
On her white arm reclines her head,
A prey to constant woe.

VIII.

This morn at twilight's grateful hour,
 The subject Naiad throng ;
 Approach'd the virgin's lonely bow'r,
 And plied a soothing song :

IX.

But music's soothing art was vain,
 To raise her eyelids dim ;
 'Till one of the fair choral train,
 Tun'd thine unrival'd *hymn*.

X.

Ah, when that pleasing line was heard,
 That sounds her grateful name ;
 Her drooping head she gently rear'd,
 And own'd the powerful theme.

XI.

Revisit then our wat'ry bow'rs,
 And bring thy magic lyre :
 Ah, bring thy wreath of smiling flow'rs,
 And lead the tuneful choir :

WRITTEN IN MR. HUME'S HISTORY.

I.

BIG with the tales of other years,
Here lays the historic tome ;
Which to the pensive mind appears,
A deep capacious tomb :

II.

Where long embalm'd by Clio's hand,
The patriot and the slave ;
Who sav'd, and who betray'd the land,
Press one extensive grave :

III.

With those that grasp'd the imperial helm,
And trod the path of pow'r :
With those who grac'd fair learning's realm,
And beauty's fairer bow'r :

IV.

If thus th' illustrious close their scene,
Oblivion then may laugh ;
What flows from Hume's immortal pen,
Is but an Epitaph !

WRITTEN IN MR. HUMPHREY'S HISTORY.



BIG with the tales of other years

Here lays the highest name;

Which to the penive mind appears

A deep capacious tomb:

LILY'S TRIUMPH.

II.

Where long embalm'd by Clia's hand

THE sun unveil'd his brightest ray,

The parrot and the dove;

The birds attun'd their sweetest lay;

Who sav'd, and who betray'd the maid

As Flora issued from her bow'r,

Press one extensive grave

To shed perfumes on ev'ry flow'r.

As she approach'd her painted train,

With joy she view'd the chearful scene;

With those that bring to the imperial train

This flow'r she kiss'd, and that she rais'd—

And trod the path of love

She gather'd one, another prais'd—

With those who grave the living name

Yet still of all her gay parterre;

And beauty's fairer

The lily seem'd her greatest care;

Meek child, the radiant goddess cried,

Of gardens now be thou the pride.

It thus th' illustrious name

Know that Lucinda, beauteous fair!

Oblivion then may

Doth thee to all my train prefer.

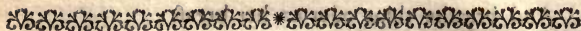
What flows from Humphrey's pen

Ah, but an Epitaph!

Ah go beyond thy equals blest,
 And breathe thine odor on her breast;
 Yet envy not that iv'ry shrine,
 Whose whiteness far surpasseth thine;
 By nature's hand with incense spread,
 Whose sweetness far doth thine exceed:
 Enough that thou enjoy'st the seat,
 Where virtue and the graces meet.

O thou who dwell'st upon the bough,
 Whose tree does wave its verdant brow;
 And spreading shades, the distant brook,
 Accept these lines, dear sister Rook!
 And when thou'lt read my mournful lay,
 Extend thy wing and fly away,
 I, left pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,
 Thou should'st like me bewail thy lot;
 Left in thy rocky bed renew'd,
 The magic stone which here I view'd.
 THE
 The day declin'd, the evening breeze
 Gently rock'd the silent trees;
 While spreading o'er my peopled nest,
 I hush'd my callow young to rest:

Ad go beyond thy equals bliss



Yet envy not that ivy shrine,

Whose whiteness far surpasseth thine;

By nature's hand with incense spread,

Whole sweetness far doth thine exceed :

R O O K E R Y.

Where virtue and the graces meet.

O H thou who dwell'st upon the bough,
 Whose tree does wave its verdant brow;
 And spreading shades, the distant brook,
 Accept these lines, dear sister Rook !
 And when thou'st read my mournful lay,
 Extend thy wing and fly away,
 Lest pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,
 Thou should'st like me bewail thy lot ;
 Lest in thy rook'ry be renew'd,
 The tragic scene which here I view'd.

The day declin'd, the evening breeze
 Gently rock'd the silent trees,
 While spreading o'er my peopled nest,
 I hush'd my callow young to rest :

When

When suddenly an hostile sound,
 Explosion dire ! was heard around :
 And level'd by the hand of fate,
 The angry bullets pierc'd my mate ;
 I saw him fall from spray to spray,
 Till on the distant ground he lay :
 With tortur'd wing he beat the plain,
 And never caw'd to me again.
 Many a neighbour, many a friend,
 Deform'd with wounds, invok'd their end :
 All screaming, omen'd notes of woe,
 'Gainst man our unrelenting foe :
 These eyes beheld my pretty brood,
 Flutt'ring in their guiltless blood :
 While trembling on the shatter'd tree,
 At length the gun invaded me ;
 But wayward fate severely kind,
 Refus'd the death, I wish'd to find :
 Oh ! farewell pleasure, peace, farewell,
 And with the gory raven dwell.
 Was it for this I shun'd retreat,
 And fix'd near man my social seat ?

For this destroy'd the insect train,
 That eat unseen the infant grain !
 For this with many an honest note,
 Issuing from my artless throat ;
 I hear'd *my Lady*, list'ning near,
 Working in her elbow chair ?

THE

No dancing youth shall ever find

The grove, the grove, the grove, the grove

Does love's Evander learn to sing

THE

DIALOGUE.

EVANDER.

OH thou (so very rarely found)
 With youth at once, and wisdom crown'd;
 If yet no swain with happy art,
 E'er fond a passage to thy heart:
 (Stain not thy cheek with crimson hue,
 But tell me, fair Belinda, true)
 Each vain distinction I'll remove,
 And take thee for my bridal love!

BELINDA.

This guileless breast does love awake?
 It glows for my Evander's sake:

No daring youth shall ever steal
 The sacred flame for thee I feel :
 Amid the grove, the choicest tree,
 Does lov'd Evander seem to me.

E V A N D E R.

That happy tree shall prove a screen,
 To shield thee thro' life's various scene ;
 From ev'ry gale that envy blows,
 From ev'ry blast that mis'ry knows :
 From danger's threat'ning clouds that low'r,
 Oppression's storm, and sorrow's show'r.
 A flow'r recoiling from the gale,
 Just wakening in the lowly vale ;
 And waving near the purest stream,
 To me does fair Belinda seem.

B E L I N D A.

Oh may the sun with pow'rful beam,
 Revive that flow'r, beside the stream !
 Paint her all in the gayest bloom,
 And call forth ev'ry kind perfume :

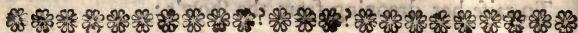
May Flora come in welcome hour,
 To raise her drooping from the show'r:
 May Zephyr with his cooling breath,
 Still fan away the sultry death;
 Till perfected at length by time,
 And opening in her brightest prime;
 She may by love and fortune blest,
 Breathe all her odors on thy breast.

II.

III.

CELIA

When the youthful pleasures came,
 By their transient smiles known;
 They danced around the banquet table,
 And round stole her secret rose.



C E L I A SLEEPING.

WHERE yonder shades exclude the skies,
 The fairest of her sex was seen;
 While Morpheus seal'd her radiant eyes,
 And half eclips'd her lovely mien :

II.

Th' unerring archer by her side,
 In idle slumbers press'd the ground ;
 The feather'd shafts in crimson dy'd,
 Were innocently spread around.

III.

All ~~was~~ then the youthful pleasures came,
 By their transparent cincture known ;
 They danc'd around the beauteous dame,
 And jocund stole her sacred zone.

IV.

The kind occasion cried—be bold!

But Celia thou had'st nought to fear:

The youth is by respect control'd,

Whose bosom owns a love sincere.

V.

Alarm'd, the little God I fought,

And seiz'd his brow-encircling band;

(By Venus' rosy fingers wrought)

And veil'd thy charms with trembling hand.

VI.

The godhead starting from his dream,

Straight gather'd every idle dart;

And then vindictive took his aim,

While many an arrow reach'd my heart.

VII.

Nor yet content the godhead swore,

If thou woud'st not the band deliver;

He wou'd on me exhaust his store,

Nor leave a dart within his quiver.

VIII.

Let then my life, by thee secur'd,
 O'er Cupid's spight at length prevail :
 Ah ! cure the wounds for thee endur'd,
 And throw away the hateful veil.

IV.

The goddess leaving from his dream,
 Straight gather'd every idle dream,
 And then vindictive took his sin,
 While many an arrow reach'd my heart.

VII.

To
 Yet content the goddess took,
 If thou wouldst not the hand deliver;
 If would on me exhaust his force,
 Nor leave a dart within his quiver.

To the D—— of Q——y.

WHEN beauteous Q——y reach'd her fiftieth year,
 A period fatal to the blooming fair!
 Time snatch'd his hostile scythe, intent to mow
 The native flow'rs that grace her lovely brow:
 Vain thought! the scythe drop'd harmless from his hand,
 His hour glass falling, lost the imprison'd sand;
 His agitated breast confess'd alarms,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd with charms.
 At length withdrawing he revers'd the doom,
 And bad her features wear unfading bloom.



T H E
S T R A W B E R R I E S.

THE winter left the naked plain,
 And spring's gay pencil deck'd the scene;
 And as she wav'd her magic wand,
 With early fruitage blush'd the land:
 'Twas then Pomona rais'd her head,
 And joyful view'd a strawb'ry bed!
 Two sister berries caught her eye,
 Impurpled with the brighest die.

‘ These blushing twins, the goddess said,
 (And pluck'd them from their verdant bed)
 ‘ I'll give to some thrice beauteous fair,
 ‘ To bloom, conceal'd beneath her care;
 ‘ 'Till an illustrious Duke (whose name
 ‘ Is known to Ancestry and Fame)
 ‘ Conducted by some partial pow'r,
 ‘ Shall gather them at midnight hour:

‘ And

‘ And love remove the slender vest,
 ‘ To light him to the heav’nly feast ’ :—

The blushing twins she thus address’d,
 Then fix’d them on Amanda’s breast.

On Lady Sarah's Car.

WITNESS my joyful sighs,
 Venerable'st a noble thought;

Departing from her former plan,

She returns the hand to conduct man;

Discharge her troop of faithful men,

Her action and young loves;

Admitted to their sacred place,

The gentles of the burning sea.

This change of unaltered scenes,

Look'd at with the youthful pleasures;

They loved they would no more return

To Paphos, or the Italian coast;

On

ON LADY SARAH B——'S CAT.

WITH fancy's gay suggestion fraught,
 Venus indulg'd a frolic thought;
 Departing from her former plan,
 New schemes she fram'd to conquer man :
 Discharg'd her troop of smiling loves,
 Her archer-son and cooing doves ;
 Admitting to their vacant place,
 The gentlest of the purring race.

This change of ministerial measures,
 Provok'd at first the youthful pleasures ;
 They swore they wou'd no more resort
 To Paphos, or th' Idalian court :

But

But reason their resentment cool'd,
And bad them be by *Laura* rul'd !

Ah ! happiest of the feline train,

Wilt thou admit this artless strain ?

The lover now for Cupid's dart,

Shall feel thy talon at his heart :

Thy form upon the seal impress'd,

Where Venus once her birds express'd,

Shall (stamp'd upon the crimson glue)

Secure the secret billet-doux.

Echo, amid the darken'd grove,
Shall heed no more the murm'ring dove ;
But in the precincts of *White-Hall*,
Shall sit attentive to thy call.

Ah ! happiest of the purring train !
When Morpheus holds his silent reign ;
Thy Queen's love darting radiant eyes,
That emulate the starry skies ;
'Tis thine with velvet foot to close,
And gently purr her to repose.

Ah !

Ah! wou'dst thou purr this heart to rest,
 And close the wounds within this breast;
 How grateful wou'd I wake the string,
 And Venus and her Laura sing,

Write thou alone this wretched strain?

The lover now for Cupid's date

Shall feel thy cithron at his heart:

Thy form upon the lute impress'd,

Where Venus once her breath expir'd,

Shall (stamp'd upon the crimson glass)

Secure the terror duller-dew.

Echo, amid the dark'ning grove,

Shall heed no more the mourning dove;

But in the precincts of Wave-Hall,

Shall fix attentive to thy call.

Ah! happy of the parting train!

IMI-

When Morpheus holds his silent reign;

Thy Queen's love darts radiant eyes,

That console the slumbering days;

'Tis thus with velvet foot to close,

And gently hush her to repose.

Imitated from the FRENCH.

I.

STRAYING beside yon wood, skreen'd river,
 Dan Cupid met my wond'ring view;
 His feather'd arrows stor'd his quiver,
 Each feather glow'd a different hue:

II.

‘ For him who frames the daring deed,
 ‘ (The little Godhead said and laugh'd)
 ‘ To fly with miss beyond the Tweed,
 ‘ An eagle's plume adorns the shaft.

III.

‘ The prattler vain of his address,
 ‘ The magpye's feathers never fail;
 ‘ And for the youth too fond of dress,
 ‘ I rob the gaudy peacock's tail.

IV.

‘ Whene’er I mean to rouse the care
 ‘ That lurks within the jealous heart ;
 ‘ The owl that wings the midnight air,
 ‘ Lends his grave plume to load the dart.

V.

‘ But rarely when I wou’d assail,
 ‘ The constant heart with truth impress’d ;
 ‘ Then for the trembling shaft I steal
 ‘ A feather from the turtle’s breast :

VI.

‘ Lo ! one with that soft plumage crown’d,
 ‘ Which more than all my arms I prize’—
 Alas ! I cried, this gave the wound,
 When late you shot from Julia’s eyes.

F I N I S.

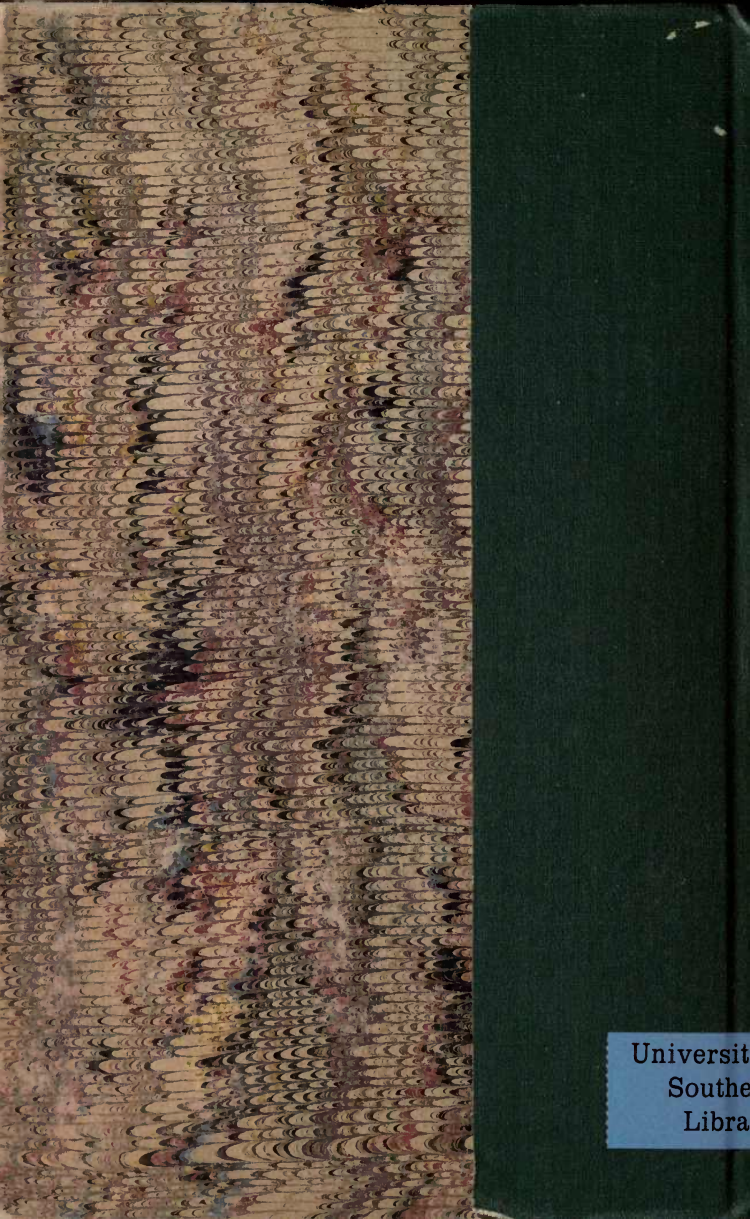
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